THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

AUGUST, 1812.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. PILKINGTON.

IF exertions to form the infant mind to virtue, and conduct it through the path of science, by the road of pleasure, be deserving of praise, and worthy of the gratitude of a state; the lady whose portrait ornaments this number of our Magazine, will receive the proper meed of applause; if not from the public, yet from every parent; and should this not add to her pecuniary resources, it must impart that peace to her conscience, which no calumny can rob her of, and no malice take away.

Mrs. Mary Pilkington is the daughter of the late Mr. Hopkins, an eminent surgeon, of Cambridge; a man whose professional abilities were allowed to be unequalled in that part of the world. As a being endowed with those benevolent sentiments which add honour to human nature, the character of Mr. Hopkins cannot be too highly praised; but, as a husband and a father, it is impossible to mention him without some degree of blame; far be it from us to countenance so evil an example as that of the child arrogating to itself judgement on the parent; but the great responsibility attached to the authors of our being should

make them careful not to entail misery on their offspring, lest they provoke their future censure.

That Mr. Hopkins might have left both his wife and child possessed of independent fortunes is evident, from the extensive and lucrative practice in which he was engaged; and that he gave the latter to understand she must inherit a very good estate, in right of her grandmother, is known to many persons now resident in that place. Whether Mr. Hopkins had omitted to examine the title-deeds of this property, or whether Mrs. Pilkington's uncle, who claimed it, had no right to the estate, certain it is, she was deprived of it, and left actually portionless at the early and critical age of fifteen years.

A vicissitude so unexpected demanded no small exertion of fortitude; but, buoyed up by a flow of spirits, natural at that age, she supported the change of circumstances with a degree of resolution not easily attained. Her grandfather, a most respectable clergyman, and was patronized by the celebrated bishop of Londonderry, (whose theological writings have immortalized his name,) made a slight provision for her, sufficient to support her until she became a wife.

From her frequent visits to her friends in Cambridgeshire, she became acquainted with Mr. Pilkington, then a pupil of the gentleman who had succeeded her father; and, in the year 1786, they were married; at which time Mr. P. was established at Ely, in Cambridgeshire.

To the practice of pharmacy, Mr. Pilkington had paid little or no attention; in the surgical department he excelled, and he had been taught that profession during his pupillage. Unfortunately for him, he had established himself in a place where his abilities must lay dormant, and he soon found that if he continued to remain at this place that he should involve himself in continual and insurmountable embarrassments. By the advice of his friends, he soon quitted that situation, and entered himself a surgeon in the navy; his pay at that time was too trifling to assist

him in maintaining a wife; and the tender grandfather was now no more, to assist her with his support.

A natural fondness for children induced Mrs. Pilkington to make every exertion to obtain the situation of governess in a respectable family; and, in this endeavour, she fortunately succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations; for, while she endeavoured to supply the maternal loss her young pupils had experienced, she was rewarded by every mark of kindness and respect by Mr. W —— and his connexions. It was during the eight years that Mrs. Pilkington resided in this truly respectable family, that the idea struck her of devoting her talents and attention to the improvement of the female mind; and many of the amiable anecdotes which are recorded in her various and numerous publications are, doubtless, drawn from *real* life. From the different ages and dispositions of her pupils, she had an opportunity of making observations upon the various propensities discoverable in childhood; and, as it was her custom every evening to entertain them with some story appropriate to the incidents which had occurred in the day, the idea struck her, that she might convert her abilities to some more extensive purpose: this idea, once formed, was rapidly executed; but the great difficulty was, how to dispose of her work; she had no literary acquaintance, nor knew a single bookseller; and that timidity so natural to a young and unprotected authoress, induced her to hesitate whether she should not destroy her manuscript; urged, however, by the pressing necessities of a surviving parent, to whose comfort she had the happiness of contributing, she took the offspring of her imagination to Mr. Newberry's, of St. Paul's Church-Yard, whose shop had long been the medium of infantine knowledge; she left the child of her brain for the inspection of Mr. Bradcock, who then superintended the business: at the appointed time, she called and waited his decision, with a trepidation difficult to be described, but easily to be imagined, by the venturer in the unthankful path of authorship; and,

when requested to name the price she expected to receive for her production, he generously paid her *two guineas* more than she had demanded. The relation of this anecdote is but a just tribute to the memory of this worthy man; had he rejected Mortimer Lascelles, which was the title of her first production, it is probable her name would never have been been known in the literary world.

Elated by her success, and flattered by the compliments that were continually paid to her abilities, Mrs. Pilkington determined to devote her undivided attention to writing.

Our pages have often been indebted to her for compositions of sterling merit; and she continued to dedicate her time, and range through all the departments of elementary, and higher walks of literature, in which her industry has kept pace with her talents, until the year 1810, when a violent nervous fever put a stop to her exertions; from this, however, Mrs. P. is happily recovered; but is still obliged to have recourse to her pen for support.

For the loan of Mrs. P's portrait, we feel much obliged. May she long be able to continue her exertions for the benefit of the rising generation; and may she receive that remuneration which is her due,—the meed of applause, and a life of ease.

The following is a correct list of her productions:—The Foundling; Mortimer Lascelles; and a volume of Charades and Riddles, published by Newberry; Edward Barnard; Tales of the Cottage; Tales of the Hermitage; New Tales of the Castle; Biography for Boys; Biography for Girls; the Asiatic Princess, dedicated, by permission, to, and written purposely for, the Princess Charlotte of Wales; Scripture Histories; Historical Beauties, for Young Ladies; Marmontel's Tales, abridged; the Spoiled Child; Edward, from Dr. Moore; Marvellous Adventures of a Cat; Goldsmith's Natural History, abridged, for the use of schools; Mentorial Tales; Virtue and Vice; Biographical Dictionary of celebrated Females; Sacred Elu-

cidations; Letters from a Mother to a Daughter, with only the initials of Mrs. P's Christian name; Memoirs of the Rockingham Family; Parental Duplicity; Crimes and Characters; the Child of Hope; Sinclair; volume of Riddles and Charades (Chappel); and lastly, a volume of Poems.

1812. C.

HONI SOI QUI MAL Y PENSE.

AN ORIGINAL TALE; FOR THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

"It is not sufficient that we abstain from evil, but we must also keep from the appearance of it."

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense,*" said Maria, as she knocked at Sir George's door, "I am certain my motive is a good one, why then should I care for the ridiculous comments of the world; comments generally engendered in spleen, and propagated by envy; and my mother, though in the main a good sort of a woman, is rather too great a stickler for the world's opinion than I am."

Maria saw the door open; she enquired after Sir George, and having heard something of his being up, desired to see him.

Sir George Titterton was, unfortunately for his acquaintance, the female part I mean, the most dangerous of men; for he was one of those characters which give to vice a polish, and cause the greatest depravity to be called by the name of youthful foibles only; but he made himself absolutely necessary at the houses he visited; he flattered in the most delicate manner possible, could stifle every inconve-

nience he might feel, for the gratification of the company; and possessing an elegant exterior, he carried away your good opinion before you could ask yourself if he deserved it or not. He was a *hanger on* at Maria Norton's, and she, flattered by the attention of so fashionable a character, admitted him *en famille;* she took his virtues upon trust, and treated him with her confidence, although she had partly agreed to bestow her hand upon a man in every degree his opposite.

Mrs. Norton often objected to this Platonism behind Sir George's back; but when he was present, he said so much about her good sense, her discretion, and the very superior way in which she had brought up her daughter, that, *willy nilly*, she was compelled to allow, "he was certainly a most excellent young man; but really, my dear, said Mrs. Norton, to go to a young bachelor's lodgings, where there are no females but his servants, is carrying your humanity too far;—besides, recollect what Mr. Moody might say;—you know he is never easy when you are publicly with Sir George.——This was the worst possible way for Mrs. Norton to gain her point; Maria had untied her bonnet, and was about to accede to the former part of her mother's wish,—but that Mr. Moody should dare object to what she chose to do was more than she would bear;—"he is not yet my husband, madam," she replied indignantly, "and till then he has nothing to do with my conduct. Has not Sir George exposed his life for me? Humanity, gratitude, all demand some little sacrifice of *etiquette*." "Mr. Moody, they say, my dear," said Mrs. Norton, "possesses all these." "Not he, indeed," retorted Maria; "he knows nothing of these pure sentiments; he had not a particle of the Roman in him;—a few little pimping negative virtues he may possess; but he is too *pru*-dent to admit warm sentiments in his heart; he is, indeed, a *very* different character from Sir George;" saying this, she left the room,—and her mother to cogitate on her daughter's——vivacity!!

Mr. Moody was, indeed, a *very* different character from Sir George; but he was neither insensible, old, or ugly; he possessed all the domestic qualities, a good heart, a taste for literature, and music; but he never shone in company. Sir George was the *dulce*, Mr. Moody the *utile*.

Humanity and gratitude are high sounding words, and often cause poor simple duty and humble prudence to hide their diminished heads; they are, like justice and generosity, often mistaken.

It is true, Sir George's valet told Miss Norton that his master was up, but he meant sitting up in his bed; and Maria found herself in his chamber, unconscious of the *stare* Adams gave, when she said,—"Shew me his room;" it is true, when she discovered her mistake, she started back, shrieked out—"Ah! Lud! where am I going?" and was precipitately retiring; but Sir George called to her in so tender a tone, and so like an invalid, conjuring her not to retire; and the landlady coming up, so joined her entreaties, that the indelicacy of remaining in a man's chamber, which had so shocked Maria, completely subsided, and *Mess. Generosity and Gratitude* not only obliged Maria to hear the story, but to sit at the bed's feet while the good woman related the danger that the physicians had anticipated to Sir George. To be sure it was no common bed-room Maria was now in; it was decorated with all elegance; there were *pictures* and *statues;* but Sir George was so interesting, and so ill; it was charity to stop a *little* longer: she stopped a little longer, and it rained; it was some time before it ceased; at length it did cease; and she left the house just as Moody was passing the door.

Moody had that morning called on Sir George, on hearing of his rencontre, indeed but a quarter of an hour before, and heard he kept his bed, and was engaged, or too ill to see company; he was no favourite of Moody's; but, as he had risked his life in defending the character of Miss Norton, he, poor silly fellow, imagined he was behaving

very like a friend in calling on him. He did not much like then to see the woman he was about to marry under these apparent imprudent circumstances. Maria, spite of hemming, and trying to look confident, looked very silly; Moody checked his suspicions; but found he could only talk of the weather—twice he told her it was a fine morning, though it was misty, and inclinable for rain; he then made his bow, and departed.

"As Sir George can now see company," said Moody, "I may as well see how he is;" he knocked at the door, it was opened by the mistress of the house; this lady knew every one's affairs but her own, and was really a very *facetious* woman.—"Well, Lord bless me!" said she, "you *loviers* are quick upon one another; had you been here a moment sooner, though you were denied, and for good reasons, for Miss Norton was with Sir George—you would have seen that dear, charming young lady, and here would have been a fine fuss. Why *laws, now*," continued the lady, "it was the finest fun in the world; Adams shewed her up into Sir George's chamber, where she stopped, I dare say, a matter of an hour." "Very likely; but what is all this to me?" said Moody, endeavouring to conceal his emotions,—"When am I to have possession of these apartments? When will Sir George leave them?"—"When you please, your honour; Sir George, you know, is but bad pay; and I don't much like his having ladies in his bed room." "Sir George Titterton," said Moody, in an elevated tone, "has a right to all Miss Norton's gratitude; and she is too far above scandal—and in thus risking his life"—"Risking his fiddle-stick! phoo, nonsense; I'll tell you all about it; it is as big a *thumper* as ever you heard; I got it all out of Adams; wasn't he thrown out of his tandem, and wasn't he *obligated* to be bled? Oh! she's an excellent lady; such spirits; but mum's the word." "Mum's the word, indeed!" said Moody; "show me to his room."

Not being exactly acquainted with Moody's intentions with regard to Miss Norton, Sir George indulged himself

in some remarks on the lady not very favourable to her character; he was in the best possible spirits, never better pleased with himself; at length he could not resist being witty, *he was witty, very witty.* Moody tried to laugh; but, had not Sir George been too much occupied in rounding the sphere of his little finger nail, he would have seen Moody looking most woefully. At length he took his leave; Sir George was proud of the honour he had done him; he would certainly return his call as soon as he had sent the apothecary to the devil.

This was not the first time that Moody had been compelled to confess, that Maria Norton *might* not be the kind of woman calculated to make him happy; that although she sometimes favoured his suit, yet her continued friendship and intimacy with Titterton displeased him; he was not certain but that, even should they be united, Sir George might be a constant intrusive inmate in his house. His delicacy, his love was alarmed at the statement of the landlady; and his heart was obliged heavily to accede to the opinion of his friends—that she ought not to be his wife.

In this humour he reached his home; his cousin Emmeline tripped across the lawn to welcome his return; she saw his mind had been ruffled, and she even surpassed herself in the many delicate attentions she was wont from her youth to pay him. His mother too, who perceived something weighing heavily upon his mind, wished him to unburthen it to her; she made a signal for the interesting Emmeline to quit them, and waited patiently for him to unfold his grief: he acquainted her with the source of his dejection; and his mother, pleased at the cooling of a connexion from which she saw nothing but an unhappy result, advised him to turn his mind to his cousin, and to seek, in a union with her, more certain content.

At the death of her parents, Emmeline Orwell had become an inmate with Moody; her character had won his esteem; and, ere she knew it, she loved. Indeed, his father's dying breath had uttered a wish that he would be her pro-

tector, had conjured him to marry her, and nothing but that sort of force on our inclinations which often turns our bliss to unreal misery, caused him to hesitate. Unfortunately he had seen Maria Norton, and to view her was to view loveliness personified; she possest, too, a thousand winning qualities; but they were the qualities of the ball-room; she shone not in domestic life, but in society alone. Moody had hoped he had found the ornamental and the useful; but he was mistaken. He wrote her a polite note, which broke off all correspondence with them; pique at first prevented her regretting the loss of so honourable a man by her imprudence; but, alas! she too late found she loved him. Moody soon after became the husband of his cousin. Maria Norton regretted, too late, acting with the appearance of evil; she died unmarried, lamenting this error; but she lived long enough to become the object of Sir George's wit and raillery; and to be obliged to confess she envied the happiness of Emmeline and Robert Moody.

JOHN ——.

ON DRESS.

The efficacy of dress in every class of society has been universally admitted.—Garrick, in the early part of his life, played Ranger with most uncommon spirit, and so well dressed, and looked the part, that a young lady, of great family and fortune, fell violently in love with him; her friends, finding it in vain to reason with her, and dreading her forming a matrimonial connexion with a player, took her to see him enact *Scrub*; the very contemptible appearance he made in that part wrought a perfect cure. Garrick, when a wooer, was himself so conscious of the pitiful figure he made in that character, that he gave direction to the box-keeper, that if any of Lord Burlington's servants applied for places, he should say they were taken.

*Further Particulars of Miss Sarah Booth.**

BY A CORRESPONDENT; FOR THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

Miss Sarah Booth, who is alike the favourite of Thalia and Melpomene, claims by inheritance a right to tread the stage. The celebrated *Barton Booth*, one of the most distinguished tragedians in the annals of the British drama, whose merits have been so elegantly eulogized by the pen of Addison, and whose monument holds an honorable corner in Westminster-Abbey, was one of this young lady's ancestors. She was born in, or near, the town of Birmingham, about the year 1794; her immediate parentage is very respectable; but her father, having one of those easy and careless dispositions which render their possessor "No man's enemy, except his own," permitted his affairs to take care of themselves; and, at his death, left his widow with a numerous family, and with very scanty means.

The prudence and maternal assiduities of Mrs. Booth, and her attention to the morals of her children, entitle her to the highest praise. The stage afforded them a shelter from the chilling blasts of poverty, and the little heroine of this memoir, though hardly out of her infancy, soon became, and has since continued, a second parent to her family. The Duke of York, in Richard III. Prince Arthur, in King John, the Little Girl, in the Children of the Wood, &c. were her first performances. Mr. Macready, the *chief* under whose banners she served, bestowed great pains on his pupil; she was caressed by several good families in the *circuit* the company went; the greater part of her time, therefore, unoccupied in the duties of her

* See her Portrait and Memoir in Museum for April, 1819.

profession, was passed in a society best calculated to form her manners, to improve her mind, and to cherish those virtuous principles which have ever been manifest in her conduct. The affairs of Mr. Macready becoming embarrassed, through the multiplicity of his theatrical concerns, a temporary disbandment of his *forces* was the consequence; Miss S. Booth then entered on a short engagement with Mr. Wilkinson, of York; which commenced at Doncaster, where she instantly became a favourite.

An accidental occurrence brought her here more immediately to notice—Mrs. Stephen Kemble, who was engaged to perform at Doncaster for a few nights, had the misfortune to dislocate her shoulder, in the first scene of the Exiles, and Miss S. Booth being called on to supply her place as Alexina, went through the character, at that short notice, with distinguished applause; exciting, however, the envy of several elderly performers, who rendered her situation uncomfortable: she resigned her engagement with Mr. Wilkinson.

At this period she was engaged by Mr. Elliston, for his Surrey Theatre, as the heroine of the company, both in the serious and lively departments; but her engagements, however valuable to the concern, were highly injurious to her health; she contracted an alarming pain in her side, and her life was brought in the most imminent danger.

She made her *debut* at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, in the character of Amanthis; this was followed by those of Viola, Oriana, Zamora, Miss Peggy, Lydia Languish, &c.

On the evening of her first benefit, she was seized with the small-pox, and, with the eruption full upon her, went through the part of Juliet, for the first time; recited Collins's Ode on the Passions, and played Priscilla Tomboy, with undiminished vivacity and conception; encouraged by the plaudits of a brilliant and numerous audience.

M.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XVI.

"Fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway,
And words and periwigs have both their day."—Bon Ton.

There are few things which amuse me much more than those letters of my brother essayists, which they have received from the men of fashion of their day; it is curious to trace our beaux, their manners and customs, from the Master Slender of Old Ben, who rises at five to smoke, and eat radishes, to the Will Honeycomb of the immortal Addison; their depravities are, it is true, pitiable; but they give you such an idea of real manners at different times as is both curious and edifying. I must confess I should like much to see the motley group of gay men—the fine gentleman, the man of the town, the pretty fellow, the buck, the blood, the man of spirit, the macaroni, the tippy Bob, and lastly, the *prime of life gentleman;* what an incongruous assemblage would they form! what a masquerade might be composed! their language would be as unintelligible as their dress; and a perfect Babel would be this motley assemblage.

I shall, without further preface, introduce a letter from a present man of the town; if, or not, his pursuits be more enervating or immoral than his predecessors, I leave to a future opportunity.

My dear Gossiper,

Fatigued in body and mind with the cursed life I lead, the noise of the *bones* rattling in my ears, my head burning like a furnace, and my eyes swollen with midnight orgies, yet unable to rest them with sleep; I sit down to my

dressing-table to give you an account of what I have been doing since we parted at Oxford. Confound the dressing-glass; what a dried devil it makes me look like; I'm as pale as a dowager at first rising; my eyes twinkle in their sockets, and my whole frame is so nervous that I can scarcely hold my pen. Well, I'll never game again, that's flat: what do you think I'm in for? 100? more; 200? more; 500, by Jupiter Ammon; what a cursed fool I am! I shall certainly after this come and rusticate with you and your cousins; sip tea and talk scandal; or throw myself alongside some purling stream, pull out my flagelet, and tune some ditty of hopeless love, while Nereids, disturbed from their bulrushy recesses, shall bear the sounds to my Phillis or Collinette.—No, zounds! I can never stand this either! Oh! the charms of London; thou climax of fun, whim, and voluptuousness, never will I leave you in January, where done! done! is sweeter to me than the sounds of a thousand lambs in your muddy meadows. Never, till I am as battered as an old opera hat, shall I be prudent. Let me see; I received your letter at Bath, and it flew out of my pocket just as King was going to introduce me to Lady Fanny:—a letter, you know, is always sufficient to raise a woman's curiosity, and of course when a young fellow receives one, it must be from a young lady; thus the old story—"I hope she's well,"—said lady Fanny, with a particular look. I, who was thinking of something else, said—"Very well," rather, I believe, emphatically;—this seemed quite enough for her. When we left off dancing, she bored me incessantly; I flew to cards, she still pursued, and while I was betting on Crib against Mollineux, again she was at my elbow. At the supper-room she sat next me.—"Is her hair dark, Bagot? Is she beautiful?"—"Yes, ma'am, and as swift as lightning!" "Swift! what a lady swift?"—"Oh! yes, my lady, you never saw such a fine forehand, such a neck; I have staked 600 on her; she threw out, nay, I believe Flyer was only in a nose before!" "My God, Bagot," said my

lady, "what are you talking of?"——The fact was, my dear fellow, that I had got on the old subject; I must explain:—at the time I met with her ladyship, I expected Skinny Bet, a mare of Bob Bootle's, would run the next day; I was deep in her, and thus, *mal-a-propos*, answered these questions; Chiffney told me she was sure to win, but she took in all the knowing ones; and, in addition to all my loose cash, my chariot and bays, and a cool thousand. Well, I'll sell my stud; no, I won't. Beauteous Lady Waldegrave, report says, is dying for me; half a million of money will stop gaps; and———

Tuesday, P.M. (morning with me)—I began a letter to you last night, Harry; but it is too good a joke for me to read it; I suppose it was about my losses; last night I believe I was mad; all I know is, that I dropt asleep, and Robert says he carried me to bed; and now I drink your health in a glass of pure soda. How the devil is it, my fine fellow, that we have continued friends these many years? the frigid and torrid zones cannot be more opposite than your disposition and mine; but I can't do without you:—I swear a thousand times (curse the pen), a thousand times, when your sermonizing letters arrive, I swear I will *cut;* but I soon forget my anger; and whenever I want to vent my spleen, don't I send you a letter; you, who ever vegetated, while I lived; yes, from Westminster to Oxford we ever fell out, yet never quarrelled. You are a fine fellow in your way, and I'll never forget you; but now, prythee, don't be so harsh; don't every body say that I'm a devilish fine fellow, full of fire, spirit, and fun; hav'n't I got money to last for ever; don't the girls all love me, and am I not a sprig of nobility, the star of fashion, and the mould of gentility? You never saw me, Hall, in full uniform; the 10th, my boy, is the regiment,

"Tawny boot, and gilded spur."

Who drives in higher style than I do? and if I once run over an old woman, don't I provide for her and her chil-

dren? Why, man, if you felt as I do, you would act as I do; and you would act the same; instead of which, you have rusticated yourself till all the blood in your body is become as stagnant as a citizen's fish-pond. I meant to have given you an account of what I have been about these twelve months; but I have really run such a round that my head is confused; but I have one secret for you, it is this—I must cut down some more sticks, and the old oaks which my grandfather, Sir Orlando, planted, must vanish—that I am in love with the person of a charming creature, without a sixpence, and with the fortune of a duchess, whom I don't care a curse for; and that I am your's, my dear boy, truly,

CHARLES BAGOT.

Albany, 1812. C.

THE ORNITHOLOGICAL JURY.

A MAN of the name of Bird, who was committed to York castle to take his trial at the assizes, for seditious words spoken, often mentioned that if the judge and jury should be of *his sort*, he was sure to be acquitted. The keeper sent for the summoning officer, who informed the prisoner that he could procure a jury all of his sort, but, as to the judge, he must take his chance. It happened that Justice Rook came down to try the prisoner; and the following jury were chosen for Mr. Bird:—

Thomas Eagle,	*Richard Crow,*
William Lark,	*John Sparrow,*
Edward Hawke,	*Stephen Partridge,*
Henry Snipe,	*John Raven,*
Samuel Peacock,	*Joseph Pheasant,*
George Parrot,	*Stephen Duck.*

The prisoner objecting to *Stephen Duck*, they chose, in his room, *Robert Woodcock;* after which they found Mr. Bird—*guilty*. C. sen.

VIRTUE AND VICE CONTRASTED,

A TALE.

"Some faults, tho' small, intolerable grow."—DRYDEN.

In a little village, situated on the flowery banks of the Trent, resided Mr. Rivers, a respectable farmer, blest with an amiable wife and two children. James and William were educated under the eye of their father, who endeavoured to inculcate in their youthful minds a love of honesty and virtue; but often, whilst engaged in their infantine sports, the difference of their dispositions was plainly perceived by their anxious parents; James, the eldest, was reserved and ill-tempered, yet artful enough, when a child, to gain the affection of every one; yet there was an alloy in his disposition, which, unless timely checked, his father perceived would thoroughly disgrace his first-born; he was the very essence of deceit, and even, whilst very young, would never hesitate at a lie, if he could obtain, by that means, any thing he had set his fancy upon: William, on the other hand, was open, careless, and unreserved, and, by the levity of his actions, gave his father reason to think he should have much trouble to reduce him to reason and regularity; but, although by his carelessness he was not so great a favourite as James, he was the admiration of many, for his open and generous disposition; and if he had committed any fault, contrary to the injunctions of his parents, he never attempted to conceal it by a falsity.

As they grew up, their tempers were more unmasked,

and William increased in his father's esteem, whilst James, whose pernicious habit of dissimulation not all his father's severity or advice could entirely eradicate, lost, by his deceitful tricks, and morose behaviour, the good opinion every one had of him when a child. When James was in his two and twentieth year, Mr. Rivers was attacked by a dangerous fever, which, at the end of a week, snatched him from the world, lamented by his family, and regretted by all his friends; a few hours before he breathed his last, he ordered his two sons to his bedside, and, with difficulty, addressed them in the following words: "It has pleased Heaven, my children, to call me from you, and I hope I have passed the time of my probation on earth suitably to the intention of my maker; I have daily sinned, from frailty, but I hope for mercy through him who died for us. Oh! my sons, let the last words of your father be always fresh in your minds. I have obtained the riches I possess by honesty and plain dealing. I have seen men who have struggled for wealth, in the path of deceit, sink before me. O! let all your actions be directed by the strictest sincerity; and should you be, by a train of misfortunes, reduced to poverty, still be honest, and trust in the Almighty; 'for never yet did I see the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.' And you, James, I entreat you, endeavour to conquer ——" Here the good old man fainted from weakness; James and William left the room in an agony of grief; and, in a short time, the soul of the virtuous father left its earthly tenement "for scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

James bore the loss of his father, as he said, with pious resignation; but William, whose passions were more unruly, was almost distracted with grief; time at length moderated his sorrows into a melancholy remembrance of his much lamented parent. When the brothers had received each his portion, William took leave of James and his mother, and settled in a distant county; but James still resided on his father's farm, where he soon lost, by his malicious and

deceitful behaviour, the respectable acquaintance his father had left him. James perceived he was slighted by all his old friends, and he secretly determined to have his revenge; he was continually trespassing upon their grounds, broke their hedges, or drove their sheep upon their own corn, if he could do it when no one saw him; but his neighbours soon discovered the depredator, and he was generally involved in some serious action, and excessive damages were often given against him; by this means his fortune, which before was large, now sunk to almost nothing, and he was obliged to sell his farm; with this money he intended to have removed, and taken another, amidst acquaintance more congenial to his wishes; but he determined, in the spirit of revenge, to give his neighbours one parting blow; he hired men to do them every damage in their power, and himself joined in their secret ravages; but they, watchful, took one of his bravoes in the fact, who confessed he was hired by James Rivers to destroy and damage his neighbour's farm; here again James was involved in an expensive lawsuit, and stripped by justice of the little money he had remaining, and on which all his hopes depended; he was now almost penurious, and left the country in disgrace.

But it is now time to return to William; although he had but half the fortune of his brother, yet by an open and regular behaviour, and a strict attention to honesty, it was increased to as large a sum, at the time that James, by an act of revenge, had lost his all. He had always the last injunctions of his father on his mind, and guided his business by the path he had before entreated him to pursue. He had lived upon a farm which he rented, and, as it was now to be sold, he determined to buy it; his landlord lived at some distance from him, and, with a servant, he set out to pay his rent, and, if possible, purchase the estate; but night overtook them before they reached the place of their destination; scarcely was it dark, when a horseman appeared, who, riding up to William,

demanded his money; he had scarcely time to shout to his servant before he received a blow on the head, which felled him to the ground; his servant riding up at that instant, and being armed with pistols, shot the robber through the head, and, with a deep groan, he fell from his horse. William, who was only stunned by the blow, had got upon his feet, and, uncovering the face of the man, for it was disguised with crape, discovered the countenance of—his brother! Here let me draw a veil over the rest, for what pen can describe his anguish? What pen can tell the heart-breaking sorrow of the wretched mother? James had set out with only a few guineas in his pocket, from the scene of all his mischievous plans, and was utterly at a loss how to sustain life, or what business to pursue; the thought of robbing burst upon his mind; and, as he had no principles of honour, or honesty, to combat with, he embraced it accordingly; and in the first attempt he met with his fate.

CLEOFAS.

The Origin of Grotesque and Improper Figures in our Churches.

THEY arose from, and were the works of, Florentine artists; at the head of whom was Torrigiano, the scholar of Michael Angelo, whom Beunovento has celebrated for his savage exploits of breaking the nose of his master by a blow which he gave him; an exploit of which he boasted, that although he had not killed him (which he intended), he had set his mark upon the first artist in the world. To this Torrigiano, who fled hither to avoid punishment for this outrage, and his followers, it appears, we owe this irreverend impertinence that still disfigures some of the otherwise most venerable churches in the kingdom. Henry VIII.'s Chapel, at Westminster, and St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, are, in that line of embellishment, the work of his prolific genius.

OLIO.

NO. V.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

"SOME speech may be," says Puttenham, "when it is spoken very indecent, yet the same having something added to it, may become pretty and decent, as hapned on a time at the Duke of Northumberland's *bourd*, where merry John Heywood, the actor, who flourished in the reign of Henry VIII. was allowed to sit at the table's end, the duke had a very noble and honourable mynde alwayes to pay his debts well; and when he lacked money would not stick to sell the greater part of his plate; so he had done a few days before. Heywood, being loth to call for his drink so oft as he was dry, turned his eye toward the cupboard, and said—'I find great misse of your grace's standing cups.' The duke, thinking he had spoken it of some knowledge that his plate was lately sold, said, somewhat sharply,—'Why, sir, will not those cuppes serve as good a man as yourself?' Heywood readily replied,—'Yes, if it please your grace; but I would have one of them stand still at my elbow, full of drinke, that I might not be driven to trouble your man so often to call for it.' This pleasaunt and speedy reverse of the former wordes holpe all the matter again. Whereupon the duke became very pleasaunt, and drank a bolle of wine to Heywood, and bid a cuppe should alwayes be standing by him."

The late Mr. Hull, the actor, of Covent-Garden Theatre, always valued himself upon his address at making apologies

to the public for the accidental calamities of the evening; and this habit was so deeply rooted in his nature, that when the riotous mob, in 1780, assailed his house, in order to appease their rage, he sent them out a barrel of table-beer untapped, which they imagining to be porter, instantly drew the bung; but expressing much resentment at the deceit, and throwing some stones at the comedian's mansion, he appeared at the center window of the one pair of stair's room, with his velvet night-cap, and, after making three low bows, addressed the children of plunder thus—

"*Ladies and Gentlemen*,—Upon my honour I have sent to Gifford's brewhouse for some porter; in the mean time I must humbly solicit your usual indulgence."

He never missed playing his part but once, and that was occasioned by illness.

When Handel had once a large party to dinner, the cloth being removed, he introduced *plain port*. Having drank four or five glasses with his guests, he suddenly started up, exclaimed—"*I have a thought*," and stalked out of the room, to which, after a short absence, he returned; having drank a few more glasses, he uttered the same sentence, again retreated, and again returned. It was naturally supposed that he wished to commit to paper some idea that struck him at the moment, and it passed over; but when, in less than an hour, he a third time started, growled out—"*I have a thought*," and a third time left the company, one of the gentlemen followed him privately, and traced him to another apartment, where, on looking through the keyhole, he saw *this great master of music* kneel down to a hamper of Champagne, that he might more conveniently reach out a flask, which, having nearly finished, he returned to his friends.

Lord Burlington, among other architectural pursuits, designed General Wade's house, in Cork-street; this, though ill-contrived and inconvenient, had so beautiful a front that Lord Chesterfield said—"As the general could not live in it at his ease, he had better take a house over against it, and look at it.

John Lee, the late manager of the Edinburgh theatre, was determined to improve the stage-thunder, and having procured a parcel of nine-pound shot, they were put into a wheel-barrow, to which he affixed a wheel; this done, ridges were placed at the back of the stage; and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle this wheel-barrow, so filled, backwards and forwards, over these ridges; the play was *Lear;* and in the two first efforts the thunder had a good effect; at length, as the king was braving the pelting of the pitiless storm, the thunderer's foot slipped, and down he came, wheel-barrow and all; the stage being on a declivity, the balls made their way towards the orchestra, and, meeting with but a feeble resistance from the scene, laid it flat. This storm was more difficult for Lear to encounter, than the tempest of which he had so loudly complained; the balls taking every direction, he was obliged to skip about like the man who dances the egg hornpipe; the fiddlers, alarmed for their cat-gut, hurried out of the orchestra; and, to crown this scene of glorious confusion, the sprawling thunderer lay prostrate in sight of the audience.

Marking Ink that will not wash out.

Take vermillion, as much as will lay on a half crown piece,—of the salt of steel, a piece about the size of a small nutmeg,—grind, or levigate, them well together with linseed oil. The composition may be thickened or diluted at pleasure.—*(Dr. Smellie.)*

ON PAINTING THE FACE.

BY THE LATE POET COWPER.

The subject of face-painting may be considered, I think, in two points of view;—first, there is room for dispute with respect to the consistency of the practice with good morals; and, secondly, whether it be on the whole convenient or not may be a matter worthy of agitation. I set out with all the formality of logical disquisition; but do not promise to observe the same regularity any farther than it may comport with my purpose of writing as fast as I can.

As to the immorality of the custom, were I in France, I should see none; on the contrary, it seems in that country to be a symptom of modest consciousness, and a tacit confession of what all know to be true, that French faces have in fact neither red nor white of their own. This humble acknowledgement of a defect looks the more like a virtue, being found among a people not remarkable for humility. Again, before we can prove the practice to be immoral, we must prove immorality in the design of those who use it; either that they intend a deception, or to kindle unlawful desires in beholders; but the French ladies, so far as their purpose comes in question, must be acquitted of both these charges; nobody supposes their colour to be natural for a moment, any more than if it were blue or green, and this unambiguous judgement of the matter is owing to two causes;—first, to the universal knowledge we have, that French women are naturally brown or yellow, with very few exceptions; and, secondly, to the inartificial manner in which they paint; for they do not, as I am satisfactorily informed, even attempt

an imitation of nature, but besmear themselves hastily, and at a venture, anxious only to lay on enough; where, therefore, there is no wanton intention, nor a wish to deceive, I can discover no immorality; but, in England, I am afraid, our painted ladies are not clearly entitled to the same apology; they even imitate nature with such exactness, that the whole public is sometimes divided into parties, who litigate, with great warmth, the question, whether painted or not? This was remarkably the case with a Miss B——, whom I well remember; her roses and lilies were never discovered to be spurious till she attained an age that made the supposition of their being natural impossible; this anxiety to be not merely red and white, which is all they aim at in France, but to be thought very beautiful, and much more beautiful than nature has made them, is a symptom not very favourable to the idea we would wish to entertain, of the chastity, purity, and modesty, of our countrywomen. That they are guilty of a design to deceive is certain; otherwise, why so much art? And if to deceive, wherefore, and with what purpose? Certainly either to gratify vanity of the silliest kind, or, which is still more criminal, to decoy and inveigle, and to carry on, more successfully, the business of temptation.

Here, therefore, my opinion splits itself into two opposite sides upon the same question. I can suppose a French woman, though painted an inch deep, to be a virtuous, discreet, excellent, character, and in no instance should I think the worse of one because she was painted; but an English *belle* must pardon me if I have not the same charity for her; she is, at least, an impostor, whether she cheats me or not, because she means to do so; and it is well if that be all the censure she deserves.

This brings me to my second class of ideas upon this topic; and here I feel that I should be fearfully puzzled, were I called upon to recommend the practice on the score of convenience. If a husband chose that his wife

should paint, perhaps it might be her duty, as well as her interest, to comply; but I think he would not much consult his own, for reasons that will follow; in the first place, she would admire herself the more, and, in the next, if she managed the matter well, she might be more admired by others, an acquisition that might bring her virtue under trials, to which, otherwise, it might never have been exposed. In no other case, however, can I imagine the practice in this country to be expedient, or convenient; as a general one it certainly is not expedient; because, in general, English women have no occasion for it; a swarthy complexion is a rarity here; and the sex, especially since inoculation has been so much in use, have very little cause to complain that nature has not been kind to them in the article of complexion. They may hide and spoil a good one, but they cannot, at least they hardly can, give themselves a better; but even if they could, there is yet a tragedy in the sequel which would make them tremble. I understand that in France, though the use of *rouge* be general, the use of white paint is far from being so. In England, she that uses one commonly uses both; now all white paints, or lotions, or whatever they be called, are mercurial, consequently poisonous, consequently ruinous, in time, to the constitution. The Miss B——, abovementioned, was a miserable witness of the truth, it *being certain that her flesh fell from her bones before she died.* Lady C—— was hardly a less melancholy proof of it; and a London physician, perhaps, were he at liberty to blab, could publish a bill of female mortality of a length that would astonish us.

For these reasons, I utterly condemn the practice as it obtains in England; and, for a reason superior to all these, I must disapprove it; I cannot, indeed, discover that Scripture forbids it in so many words; but that anxious solicitude about the person, which such an artifice evidently betrays, is, I am sure, contrary to the tenor and spirit of it throughout. Shew me a woman with a painted face, and

I will shew you a woman whose heart is set on things of the earth, and not on things above; but this observation of mine applies to it only when it is an imitative art; for, in the use of French women, I think it as innocent as in the use of the wild Indian, who draws a circle round her face, and makes two spots, perhaps blue, perhaps white, in the middle of it. Such are my thoughts upon the matter.

ON THE VOX POPULI.

FOR THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

"It is not the mode, now-a-days, for a man to think for himself, but to greedily adopt the conclusion of others."

DR. BEATTIE.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of those who differ from the multitude, and think that the public voice is generally an erroneous one? Whether or no, sir, I shall make you a convert to this my opinion, I shall take the liberty to proceed.

Do we not know, sir, that there are hundreds of people who never have an idea of their own? who are obliged to any person to give them one? Whether, sir, this arises from the incapability of thinking, or a kind of torpidity in the *sensum sensorum*,—you may perhaps be able to determine. What else, sir, are your readers of Morning Posts, Chronicles, or Examiners, who retail out the opinions of these papers without the wish, or the capacity, of asking themselves this single question—Is such, or such an assertion a false one, or such a circumstance a probable one?

Leaving the political world, let us follow the devotees of pleasure; we shall find there that the Kemble, or Elliston, faction rages with the same blindness; and even the church is not without the quiescent adoption of preference;—given they know not why, adopted they know not wherefore.

Some few years back, two professors of the healing art settled in a small town in the North of England; the one, a regular bred man, the other, a man of no education, a mere quack, but with different success; the former, possessing that delicacy which ought always to attend genius, was literally starving; while the other rolled in affluence by the capricious adoption of the surrounding neighbourhood.

The man of science, worn down at length with the weight of poverty, harassed by debt, and broken-hearted with undeserved neglect, called one day on his rival, and, with all humility, begged to know how he, who had confessed to him some time ago his utter ignorance in the *Materia Medica*, was so prosperous, while himself, with all his knowledge, scarcely gained a single patient; the quack, fearless of his rival, promised to let him into the secret:—"Look out of that window," said he, "into the street, and tell me what you see." "Perhaps a hundred people," answered the other, "are passing and re-passing your door." "How many out of that hundred do you think are wise men; men who think for themselves?" "Perhaps," said the regular Galen, "twenty; no, ten." "Oh, no," retorted his rival, "not more than one." "Well, but what am I to gain from this?"—"What! why the answer is clear; the ninety-nine fools come to me, while you only take the odd one."

THOMAS.

APHORISM.—He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought; neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

ELLEN;

OR,

THE PARSONAGE.

(Continued from page 31.)

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

I AM loved! Great God! Ellen Morland loves me! Time, sail on to eternity; thou never canst bring upon thy wings another moment so loaded, so blessed with extacy as that in which her eyes, her sighs, her tears, told me I was beloved; till then, delight had kept from my lips her choicest, sweetest cup. Oh! how heavenly, how intoxicating, was the draught of bliss as it ran, thrilling each nerve, and overwhelming each sense, to my throbbing heart!!

It was as lovely an evening as ever followed an August day, when Mr. Conway and Frederic were called out on particular business, as we sat after tea conversing on common-place subjects; neither I nor Ellen had joined much with them; but, seated at an open window, were apparently enjoying the beauty of the evening, and our own thoughts, (mine have not been a very enviable banquet lately). The moon shone in all her silver majesty: we were silent for some time; I heard Ellen sigh; and, on looking towards her, perceived that, buried in thought, she leaned her face upon her hand, with her eyes fixed upon the luminary of night. She reminded me of Lorma, whose "soft heart sighed; tears filled her eyes; and her white arm supported her head." I arose; and, walking towards her, exclaimed

"Daughter of heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant. Thou comest forth in loveliness; the stars attend thy blue steps in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O, moon! and brighten their dark brown sides. Who is like thee in heaven, daughter of the night? The stars are ashamed in thy presence, and turn aside their green, sparkling eyes. Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows? Hast thou a hall like Ossian? Dwellest thou in the shadow of grief? Have thy victims fallen from heaven? Are they who rejoiced with thee at night no more? Yes! they have fallen, fair light! and thou dost often retire to mourn. But thyself shall fail one night, and leave thy blue path in heaven; the stars will lift their green heads; they who were ashamed in thy presence will rejoice. Thou art now clothed with thy brightness; look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the cloud, oh! wind, that the daughter of night may shine forth; that the shaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its blue waves in light."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with one of those peculiar bursts of delight which so frequently marked her speech in my days of happiness; "how I adore that sweet 'voice of Cona;' it is 'like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul." Joys that are passed!! what a string was this expression touching! every chord of my heart vibrated to it. "Few are there," said I, "who can appreciate the 'chief of a thousand bards' as he deserves; few have the taste, or soul, to enter into, and enjoy, his beauties, with so much delight, so much enthusiasm, as *ma douce amie*." It is long since I have used this epithet; it was a favourite one formerly; and my voice faltered as I spoke it.

"Nay," she replied, "you remind me of a pretty fiction I have somewhere read; of a piece of earth, which being praised for the odours it exhaled, humbly confessed, without vanity, or conceit, that it possessed sweetness only from having associated with the rose; so must I declare,

that all my taste for these authors, whose province is the heart, has been acquired since my acquaintance with you, my friend; in sooth I love them. The praises I was wont to bestow on the authors my uncle gave me to read were like the offices dictated by duty alone—offices in which affection and passion have no share; they sprang from the judgement, and the tongue coldly uttered them;—but the eulogies, the rapturous encomiums, I wish to pronounce on the writers to whom you have introduced me, come in such an overflowing tide from the heart, that the tongue, by its silence, confesses its inability to find language sufficiently forcible to express the heart's feelings."

In rapt attention I listened to the sentiment spoken in a voice

"As musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;

Sentiments which flowed through every fibre of my heart, and filled it with transport.

"This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of whom she bid but follow."

"Oh! Ellen! Ellen!" I replied, 'thy words are pleasant as the gale of spring, that sighs on the hunter's ear, when he wakes from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirit of the hills;' but, Ellen, they convey a delicious poison. Once," I continued, taking her passive hand, and my voice becoming animated and agitated, "once, when visions of bliss flitted constantly before my delighted imagination, when every hour flew on

'The seraph wings of ecstacy,'

I could have listened to you with rapture; but now, though each syllable is like balm of Gilead to my senses, yet it leaves a cankering, an incurable wound behind; for, art

thou not another's, Ellen? and I am 'like a beam that has shone, like a mist that has fled away;' 'my days are with the years that are past, and no morning of mine shall arise;' 'soon will my tomb be hid, and the grass grow rank on my grave;' but 'the narrow house is pleasant to me, and the grey stone of the dead." The tears flowed down my thin, wan cheeks as I spoke; and I saw, by the beams of the moon, her colour fade; the hand I held trembled excessively, and she wept.

"Oh! Ellen, then," I exclaimed, "thou canst feel for me!" Her head sank on my shoulder; she sobbed audibly, and I felt her balmy breath (sweet

"As the soft south
That has breath'd upon a bank of violets),

Issue in sighs against my cheek. "Almighty ruler of the universe!" I exclaimed, "perhaps, Ellen, thy heart, so sensibly alive to the woes of others,—perhaps thy kind, pure heart, feels something of the passion that consumes me. Oh! Ellen, speak, and kill me not with agony!" She lifted her face from my shoulder, displaying to my ardent gaze such a countenance!! never, never, shall I, can I, forget its expression; nor the glance her eloquent eyes gave me; volumes of words could not have explained or spoken so much as that one glance; I clasped her in my arms—inarticulate murmurings burst from my lips—and our souls appeared dissolved in reciprocal extacy!

A footstep advanced towards the room in which we were, it was Frederic's; heavens! what a transition! I recollected that the being I folded with such transport in my arms, whose heart I felt throb against mine with responsive pulsations, was bound by honour to another! I staggered to a chair, to conceal my emotion, and he entered, singing. Oh! how I cursed him and his ill-timed gaiety! Hypocrisy could not support me so far as to speak; and I rushed to my room, ere the lights I heard him call for should expose my agitation.

And yet, my dear friend, although my soul is enraptured at this discovery, what real advantage can I derive from it? Mr. Conway, I know, has placed his heart upon the union of his son with Ellen; and such is the love, gratitude, and reverence, she feels for him, that I am certain she had rather perish than disappoint his wishes. Cold, phlegmatic heart! canst thou stoop to reason and complain now—now, when thou hast scarcely ceased to throb with joy's agony, at being assured thy tenderest, best passion was understood, and returned? And should not that idea transport thee to the highest pinnacle of bliss? Oh! yes, yes! it does, it does, to the heaven of heavens!

HENRY M——.

TO CHARLES D———, ESQ.

M—— Park.

"SOCRATES," we are told, my dear fellow, "refuted before he taught, observing that the ground ought to be cleared from weeds before it be sown with corn." You do not follow the plan of the philosopher; you tell me my passion is wrong, is dishonourable; and yet present me with no cure; nothing to remove it. The philosophical, cold Wolmar even says,—"How is it possible to restrain a passion, be it ever so weak, when it has no counterpoise?" I have thought the same as you do of my passion a hundred times, and conscience has called my heart to a severe account; but the chidings this internal monitor bestowed on passion were something like the chastisement Xerxes inflicted on the Hellespont;—the bosom of the latter, spite of the chains of the mighty monarch, was ruffled by the next gust of wind;—and the next smile from Ellen, spite of the grave remonstrances of conscience, has re-plunged my heart deeper in the abyss of love "than line could ever fathom." I thank you, however, for your revered

letter, and solemn advice; but I send you, in return for that advice, a love sonnet, to show you how seriously I take it. Oh! Charles, Charles!

"Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words."

TO ZEPHYR.

Charming Zephyr, hither bring,
Floating on thy downy wing,
Odours from yon blushing rose,
Far the sweetest flow'r that blows;
Hither waft th' harmonious note,
Bursting from the thrush's throat,
As he warbles thro' the grove,
Melting strains of faithful love.

But more sweet than the perfume,
Ravish'd from the rose's bloom,
As you o'er her bosom fly,
Hither bring my Ellen's sigh;
More melodious than the sound,
Warbling thrushes whistle round,
When with love their hearts rejoice,
Hither waft me Ellen's voice.

In sooth, Charles, I am made up of nothing now-a-days, but

"Thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers."

Adieu,

HENRY M——.

(To be continued.)

THE
POETICAL DEPOT.

NO. I.

A MAN of very good sense, but totally unacquainted with Literature, once said before Boileau, that he had rather be able to make a Wig than write a Poem; adding,—"What is the use of Poetry, and what end does it answer?" "This very circumstance," replied Boileau, "raises my admiration of Poetry; that, having nothing useful in it, nevertheless it should be the delight of all men of talents and reputation."

IRREGULAR LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER PERUSING SOME BEAUTIFUL STANZAS, BY AN UNKNOWN LADY.

OH! were it mine, with soothing pow'r,
As o'er the trembling lyre I sweep,
To chace the sorrows of affliction's hour,
And hush the struggling bosom into sleep;
Again to deck with rosy bloom
The faded cheek, the languid form,
That, early sinking to the tomb,
Droops like the lily in a storm;
Again to rouse the blush of healthful hues——
How sweet the task, how blest my simple muse!
But, who shall check relentless time?
Or charm with verse, or melt with tears,
As thron'd in lofty car sublime,
He speeds thro' circling years,

Trampling on many a fairy scene
That glow'd in summer's brightest green?
Nor heeding all that love could say,
Or poet warble, or the dulcet voice
Of virtuous friendship, as his tyrant sway
Forbids their laughing prospects to rejoice,
And shuts their little day?——
Or who, with tuneful breath,
With tend'rest hope, or fondest sigh,
Shall ward the lifted arm of death,
And soothe to pitying looks his ruthless eye?
Beneath the vengeance of his wrathful ire,
See beauty, virtue, love, and youth, expire!
E'en as the wintry blast he stalks along,
And, on his frozen ear, dull sleeps the muse's song!

Sister spirit! was it thou
Mourning on the midnight gale?
Thine the aching, tortur'd brow,
Thine the melancholy tale
That, as the whisp'ring winds were heard to swell,
Wafted on every breeze a sad farewell?
Awhile the pensive moan
Wept for the parted joys of other days;
Awhile the boding sound
Told of the grave's dark, narrow bound;
Awhile, with silver tone,
The seraph warblings sung of heaven,
Of cloudless bliss, and sins forgiven;
Then mingling sweet, a note of praise,
A mortal flourish'd in thy lays,
And back to earth the murmurs roll,
Breathing such music on the list'ning soul
Of him that lov'd thy lyre,
As memory long shall cherish here,
And frequent deck with hallow'd tear,
When other thoughts have fled, when other charms may tire!

Oh! I could weep that early night
Should blot the visions of thy jocund morn;
Should sudden whelm the orient light,
And with'ring fast the vernal flow'rs
That gaily twin'd the Eden bow'rs,
Where youth and fancy pour'd their glitt'ring dawn,
Impetuous hurry to the silent grave
What every muse might wish to save!
But, ah! tho' idle, lost, and vain,
May flow the tributary strain;
Tho' vain the muse's gentlest care,—
Yet who shall chide her partial grief,
Or rashly blame the holy pray'r
That flies to heav'n, and asks relief
For virtue's suff'ring child?
Sure when the burthen'd winds have trembled there,
And pleaded thus, approving saints have smil'd!
Then, oh! forgive a kindred heart
That melts for thee in pity's tend'rest glow;
That heard, with melancholy start,
The solemn, deep, prophetic, notes of woe,
Heaving, methought, as from thy latest breath,
So sad, and yet so sweet they flutter'd by;
Whisp'ring of fond adieus, of chilling death,
Of parting loves, and worlds amid the sky!
Ah! cease the mournful tale!——
Perhaps, light dancing on the summer gale,
Returning health may kindly shed
Her blushing roses o'er thy drooping head,
And wake again the tuneful shell
That murmurs now as with a last farewell.
Exulting hope, on joyous wings,
Would scatter far the wintry gloom;
Would fondly dream of better things,
Of happier days, and fresher bloom;
Would paint the future bright and clear,
In many a blissful scene, and many a rolling year!

And, oh! if yet shall fade away
Those fairy visions, blythe and gay;
If black'ning clouds shall still pursue;
And stormy billows vex the view,
Where, tossing wide in ocean's roar,
Thy shatter'd bark would toil for peaceful shore;—
If friendship's voice can soothe thy breast,
If pity's tear can give thee rest,
A pity warm as mine;
Oh! if to know that such may be,
Whose secret pray'r shall speak of thee,
Can yield a momentary balm,
And lull thy soul with pleasing calm,
That solace shall be thine!
Tho' vain the wish, thy sorrowing pangs to heal,
A stranger's eye shall mourn, a stranger's heart shall feel.

FONTENELLE, at the age of ninety-seven, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her without perceiving her, in order to place himself at the table; "See," said Madame Helvetius, "how I ought to value your gallantries; you pass before me without looking at me."—"Madam," said the old man, "if I *had looked at you*, I could not have passed."

Suppose there was a bird upon a peach, and you wanted that peach, how would you get it without disturbing the bird?—*Answer*, Stay till the bird was gone!

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

NO. IX.

LADY ANN CHURCHILL, COUNTESS SUNDERLAND,

THE second daughter of the earl of Marlborough, was the second of three wives of Charles Spencer, earl of Sunderland, memorable for his skill in negociations, and his rapid equestrian movements. Lady Sunderland died April 15, 1715, and was the mother of two daughters and four sons; Robert, who died a child; Robert, Earl of Sunderland, who died early, and unmarried; Charles, Duke of Marlborough, and Earl of Sunderland; and John, the favourite grandson of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who so abundantly enriched him, that the title of Earl, which was conferred upon his son, was supported with a splendor suitable to his dignity.

It is remarkable that Lady Sunderland was the daughter of a duke, the sister of a duchess in her own right, and mother to a duke, yet never attained herself to a higher rank than that of countess. This lady was rather *petite* in person; did not disdain the appellation of *Little Whig*, which that party, not less to honour themselves than her, chose to distinguish her by, at a time when every thing was governed by, and bore the ensigns of, party of one kind or other; and Colley Cibber tells us, that the foundation stone of Sir John Vanburgh's new and stately theatre in the Haymarket, and which, without lasting out the century, even was a few years past burnt to the ground, had that title engraved upon it.

CATHERINE HYDE, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBURY,

Was the second daughter of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, married, in 1719-20, Charles Douglas, by creation, when very young, Earl of Solway, and, by succession, third Duke of Queensbury, and second Duke of Dover. This lady was appointed a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Anne, in 1711, upon the resignation of the Countess of Sutherland. Her grace died in July, 1777, at her house in Saville-Row, aged seventy-two. She was "a beautiful mother, but the daughter of a more beautiful one," who was Jane, daughter to Sir William Levison Gower, and sister of John, Lord Gower, whom Swift called his principal goddess; she was the mother of Henry, Earl of Drumlanrig, who died soon after his marriage, by the accidental discharge of his own pistol, October 20, 1754; and Charles, also Earl of Drumlanrig, who went to Lisbon, for the recovery of his health, where he narrowly escaped destruction in the dreadful earthquake of 1755, but lived to return to Britain, and died unmarried in the following year, in the thirtieth year of his age; and Catherine, who died very young. The duke, their father, survived all his children, and died October 22d, 1778, aged fourscore, and was succeeded in his Scotch titles by his relation, James, Earl of March, &c. descended from the first Earl of Queensbury. All the English honours became extinct in Duke Charles.

Prior's sprightly little trifle,

"Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,"

Was made on this lady, and her sister, the Lady Jane, who was married to the Earl of Essex, and died young. The duchess was also the munificent patroness of Gay, the poet; and, jointly with the duke, her husband, erected the monument in the Abbey to his memory.

Her grace was, for some time, not greatly in favour at the court of George II. on account of some offence she had taken, nor was the court with her; but, on the acces-

sion of his present majesty, all was immediately forgotten, and both the duke and duchess returned to St. James's, and were received there with much satisfaction. The duchess also walked in her place at the ensuing coronation; on which occasion Horace Walpole, who was never at a loss for something smart to say when a fit opportunity offered, pursuing Prior's idea, hit off the following impromptu; which, for the neatness of the turn, and the gallantry of the compliment, was much repeated at the time:

"To many a Kitty, Love his ear
Would for a *day* engage;
But PRIOR's KITTY, ever young,
Obtained it for an *age*.

MUSICAL MEMORANDA.

(Continued from page 36.)

ARON PETER was a voluminous writer on music, in the sixteenth century; a native of Florence, of the order of Jerusalem, and a canon of Rimini: he appears to have studied music as a profession, under the patronage of Leo X. in whose pontificate he was admitted into the papal chair at Rome; his most considerable work, in which there is little that is new, was entitled *Toscanello della Musica;* and was first printed at Venice in 1523, and with additions in 1539: this is divided into two books; the first containing a panegyric on music, an account of its inventors, definitions of terms, &c. the second, an impartial account of the genera of the ancients, a decalogue of ten precepts concerning counterpoint, an explanation of proper terms, and directions for dividing the monochord, upon the principles (says Dr. Burney) of Guido Aretino.

ARTUSI GIO. MARIA, of Bologna, though he is ranked only among the minor writers on music, yet, if his merit and importance are estimated by the celebrity and size of his volumes, certainly deserved the attention of students, and collectors of musical tracts. In his *Arte del Contrappunto ridotta in tavole*, published at Venice, 1586, he has admirably analyzed and compressed the voluminous and diffused works of Zarlino, and other anterior writers on musical composition, into a compendium, in a manner, almost as clear and geometrical as that in which M. d'Alembert has abridged the theoretical works of Rameau.

In 1589, Artusi, who, like most of the musical writers of Italy, was an ecclesiastic, published a second part of his *Arte de Contrappunto*, which is a useful and excellent supplement to his former compendium. And in 1600 and 1603, this intelligent writer published, at Venice, the first and second part of another work, *Delle Imperfettioni della Moderna Musica*: here the author gives a curious account of the state of instrumental music in his time; and in describing a grand concert that was made by the nuns of a convent at Ferrara, in 1598, on reason of a double wedding between Phillip III. King of Spain, with Margaret, of Austria, and the Archduke Albert with the Infanta Isabella, the king's sister, he enumerates the several instruments that were employed, and points out their excellencies and defects; among these, though the violin is just mentioned, yet nothing is said of its properties; while the cornet, trumpet, viol, double harp, lute, flute, and harpsichord, are honoured with particular remarks, both on their construction and use; but among these, the cornet, which has been supplanted in favour of the public by the hautboy, seems to have stood the highest in the author's estimation. The elder Doni, in his dialogue, written about fifty years before, mentions the cornet more frequently than any other instrument:—"Il divino Antonio da cornetto perfettissimo—et M. Battista dal Fondaro con il suo cornetto ancora; che lo suona miracolosamente."

"I have not been able," says Dr. Burney, "to discover what instrument is to be understood in this dialogue; when Girolamo Porobasco says, 'Io suonerò lo strumento,' and when it is said, 'M. Gio. Vaniacopo Buzzino suonando di violone il soprano come egli fa miracolosamente;' I am utterly unable to guess what instrument is meant, unless the word *violone*, by a typographical error, has been printed for *violino*. But to return to Artusi's remarks upon instruments: his hero on the cornet was Girolamo da Udine. In speaking of defects in the intonation of different instruments, I expected the violin would be celebrated for its superior perfection in that particular; but, by the author's silence on that subject, I am convinced that it was either then but little used in concert, or was very ill played."

ASAPH, a celebrated musician, in the time of David, was the son of Barachis, of the tribe of Levi; Asaph, and also his descendants, presided over the musical band in the service of the temple; several of the Psalms, as the 50th, the 73d to the 83d, have the name of Asaph prefixed, but it is not certain whether the words or the music were composed by him; with regard to some of them which were written during the Babylonish captivity, they cannot in any respect be attributed to him; perhaps they were written, or set to music, by his descendants, who prefixed to them his name; or by some of that class of musicians of which the family of Asaph was the head. —1 Chronicles, vi. 39; Chron. xxix. 30; xxxv. 15; Nehem. xii. 46.

AVISON CHARLES, organist of Newcastle, was an ingenious and polished man, esteemed and respected by all who knew him, and an elegant writer upon his art. He had visited Italy early in his youth, and at his return, having received instructions from Geminiani, a bias in is com-

position for violins, and in his Essay on Musical Expression, toward that master is manifest. Rameau was also his model in harpsichord music; and Marcello's Psalms were much over-rated by him, in order to deprecate Handel, whom he censured more by implication than open hostility.

We find in his book, which is elegantly written, and in the prefaces to his musical compositions, many prejudices, particularly against German Symphonies, ascribing to them the corruption and decay of music. His compositions for the harpsichord, when played by the late Lady Milbank, and accompanied by Giardini, had a pleasing effect; they were formed on the plan of Rameau's concertos, as those for violins were on the concertos of Geminiani, and there was the same difference between them, in point of excellence, as is always discoverable between an original production and an imitation. His violin concertos were revived, after they became of age, at the concert of ancient music, where twenty years are the period which renders musical compositions venerable; here they are still played in turn with those of Cornelli, Geminiani, Handel, and San Martini; with whose productions, however, they but ill support a parallel; they want force, correctness, and originality, sufficient to be ranked very high among the works of masters of the first class.

Babbi Gregorio, a tenor singer in the Italian opera, with the sweetest, most flexible, and most powerful, voice of its kind that his country could boast, at the time. He flourished from 1730 to 1740; never was in England; but we have seen the principal songs that were composed for him, and conversed with many good judges that heard him sing them, and have no doubt but that he was a dignified, splendid, and powerful, performer.

Babbini Matteo, so named from being the scholar of the

preceding, arrived in England in 1786, at the same time as Rubinelli. He had a tenor voice that was sweet, though not powerful; had an elegant and pleasing style of singing; but it was difficult to imagine that his voice had been better; and not difficult to discover, though his taste was modern, and many of his *riffioramenti* refined and judicious, that his graces were somewhat redundant, and his manners affected. His importance was very much diminished when he sung with the Mara; and, after the arrival of Rubinelli, he sunk into insignificance.

Babel William, organist of All-Hallows, Bread-street, seems to have been the first, in this country at least, who thinned, simplified, and divested, the music of keyed instruments of the crowded and complicated harmony with which, from the convenience of the clavier and passion for full and elaborate music, it had been embarrassed from its earliest cultivation. This author acquired great celebrity by wire-drawing the favourite songs of the opera of Ranaldo, and others of the same period, into shewy and brilliant lessons, which, by mere rapidity of finger in playing single sounds, without the assistance of taste, expression, harmony, or modulation, enabled the performer to astonish ignorance, and to acquire the reputation of a great player at a small expence; there is no instrument so favourable to such frothy and unmeaning music as the harpsichord; arpeggios, which lay under the fingers, and running up and down the scales of easy keys with velocity, are not difficult on an instrument of which neither the tone nor the tuning depends on the player, as neither his breath nor his bow-hand is requisite to give existence or sweetness to its sounds; and Mr. Babel, by avoiding its chief difficulties of full harmony and dissimilar motion of the parts, at once gratified idleness and vanity. "We remember well, in the early part of our life, being duped at the glare and glitter of this kind of tinsel," says Dr. Bur-

ney, "this *poussiere dans les yeaux* which Mr. Felton continued, and other dealers in *note, et rien que des notes*, till Jozzi, the singer, by his neat and elegant manner of executing the brilliant, graceful, and pleasing, lessons of Alberti, rendered them the objects of imitation." At length, on the arrival of the great Mr. Bach, and construction of piano fortes, in this country, the performers on keyed instruments were obliged wholly to change their ground; and, instead of surprising by the *seeming* labour and dexterity of execution, had the real and more useful difficulties of taste, expression, and light and shade, to encounter.

Babel, who was one of his majesty George I.'s private musicians, died about the year 1722.

(To be continued.)

ON PUBLIC NOTICE.

WHEN Theophilus Cibber made his dramatic essay, the newspapers of the day reviled him for his improprieties. —Theophilus ran immediately to his father, Mr. Colley Cibber, and, with tears in his eyes, exhibited the paragraph—"Be pacified, you idiot," said Colley, angrily, "if you wish to be noticed, you must be scandalized, and, d'ye hear, when your enemies cease to abuse you in the public prints, do you abuse yourself."

HEBREW HONESTY.

"My lord," said one Isaacs, a Jew, to Lord Loughborough, "I vill be bail for my friend for ten tousand pounds, and I vill take my ote I am vorth de monish;" "I know you would," replied the judge, but I won't let you."

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE, &c.

TALES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE, *in 6 volumes, by* MISS EDGEWORTH. Published by *J. Johnson and Co. St. Paul's Church-Yard,* 1812.

FOR us to attempt to eulogize the works of Miss Edgeworth, a lady whose literary exertions have been so long before the public, will, perhaps, be deemed unnecessary; we shall therefore merely mention that these three last volumes of Tales do not at all detract in merit from her former productions; and, as novels, that they may be placed in the hands of young readers with perfect safety. Miss Edgeworth, leaving actions determinately vicious out of the question, has endeavoured to paint the most dreadful consequences from foibles only; and, in this wish, to give novelty, has perhaps drawn the characters rather too strongly. Let us first reform vicious habits, and weaknesses will cure themselves. In her first tale, she makes her hero plunge his family into grief; he commits suicide, and this from wanting the resolution to say No; or, in other words, from the want of an opinion of his own. In her second tale of Emily Coulanges, the portrait of Mrs. Somers is evidently out of nature; Emily's is somewhat better, but her mother's character is indeed drawn with a masterly hand; the story, however, ends abruptly, and the reformation of the party is effected like many of our dramatic characters, suddenly, and without reason. We had rather the timid and feeling Emily had chosen some other object to copy than the butterfly which she catches for that purpose; and which every body knows must be transfixed with a pin to be properly delineated;—this, perhaps, is an over-sight, as well as one or two of her sentiments; that the revolution in France corrected *the morals of the people!* But we were

highly delighted with her last tale, the Absentee. Miss Edgeworth is here completely at home; her Irish scenes are penciled with masterly touches; she here depicts the difficulties, and the foolishness, with the punishment of indulging in extravagance beyond our means;—and lashes, with due severity, the cruelty of the great, who, by leaving their tenants to the mercy of rapacious agents and stewards, bring obloquy on themselves, and ruin to their unfortunate dependants. The amiable Lord Colambre is a pattern as a son and an honest man; perhaps he carries his pride of birth a little too far in rejecting his cousin Nugent, under the idea that she is illegitimate. The affectation of a would-be woman of fashion, we shall insert for the benefit of our readers:—

"In the first place, before they left the drawing-room, Miss Juliana O'Leary pointed out to Lord Colambre's attention a picture over the drawing-room chimney-piece. 'Is it not a fine piece, my lord?' said she, naming the price Mrs. Raffarty had lately paid for it at an auction; 'it has a right to be a fine piece indeed, for it cost a fine price. Nevertheless, this *fine* piece was a vile daub, and our hero could only avoid the sin of flattery, or the danger of offending the lady, by protesting that he had no judgement in pictures. 'Indeed, I don't pretend to be a *connoisseur*, or *cognoscenti*, myself, but I am told the style is undeniably modern.'—'And was not I lucky, Juliana, not to let that *Medona* be knocked down to me. I was just going to bid, when I heard such smart bidding; but fortunately the auctioneer *let out that it was done by a very old master*, a hundred years old. Oh, your most obedient, thinks I, if that's the case, it's not for my money; so I bought this in lieu of the smoke-dried thing, and had it a bargain.' In architecture Mrs. Raffarty had as good a taste, and as much skill, as in painting: there had been a handsome portico in front of the house, but this interfering with the lady's desire to have a viranda, which she said could not be dispensed with, she had raised the whole

portico to the second story, where it stood, or seemed to stand, on a tarpawling roof; but Mrs. Raffarty explained, that the pillars, though they looked so properly substantial, were really hollow, and as light as feathers, and were supported with cramps, without *disobliging* the front wall of the house to signify. After informing his lordship, that she had been stinted for room in her improvements, she led him through her house, which she named *Tusculum*, to a little conservatory, and a little pinery, and a little grapery, and a little aviary, and a little pheasantry, and a little dairy for shew, and a little cottage for ditto, with a grotto full of shells, and a little hermitage full of earwigs, and a little ruin full of looking glasses, to enlarge and multiply the effects of the gothic; but you could only put your head in, because it was just fresh painted, and though there had been a fire ordered in the ruin all night, it had only smoked." We have here a laughable anecdote of a gentleman running to extricate a *sham* man on a bridge for ornament, who was pulled into the water by a fish; we then proceed—

"The dinner had two great faults, profusion and pretension; a painful endeavour at what could not be attained, and a toiling in vain to conceal and repair deficiencies and blunders; the lady was continually striving to make a butler who was deaf, and a boy who was hair-brained, do the business of five accomplished footmen; the mistress of the house called for plates! clean plates! hot plates! but none did come when she did call for them. Mrs. Raffarty called 'Larry! Larry! my lord's plate there! James, bread to Captain Bowles;—James, Port wine to the Major; James! James Kenny! James!' "And panting, James toiled after her in vain:" the first course over, Mrs. Raffarty cleared her throat, and nodded, and pointed, and sighed, and set Larry after Kenny, and Kenny after Larry; for what one did, the other undid; at length the lady's anger kindled, and she spoke—'Kenny, James Kenny, set the sea cole at this corner, and put down the

grass cross corners, and match your macaroni yonder with *them puddens* set. Ogh, James, the pyramid in the middle, can't ye. The pyramid, in changing places, was overturned; then it was that the mistress of the feast, falling back in her seat, and lifting up her hands and eyes in despair, ejaculated—'Oh, James! James!" Here we leave Fashionable Tales, with many thanks to Miss Edgeworth for the pleasure received in their perusal.

NEGLECTED GENIUS, *a Poem, by* W. H. IRELAND. Published by *George Cowie and Co.* 31, *Poultry*. Price 8s.

This poem, illustrative of the untimely fate of genius, gave us much pleasure; there are many lines in this work highly poetical; the imitations are correct.

STRICTURES ON THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Mrs. Siddons's Farewell to the Stage.

THE departure of this wonderful woman took place on Monday, June 29th, 1812, after her performance of Lady Macbeth, for her own benefit. So much has been said and written of this favourite daughter of Melpomene, that little remains for us to add.—The theatre, as may be imagined, was crowded to excess; and, in the beginning of the performance, she went through her character with more than usual *eclat*; but as the war which now appears to be carried on against every thing and every body professing propriety and respectability, gains ground every day, whispers had gone abroad, and insinuations were thrown out, that Mrs. Siddons had obliged many of her friends in preference to the public in general, the re-

formers of the day thought proper to greet her with some marks of their disapprobation; this was perhaps not a little provoked by their opponents, who, feeling for the situation of Mrs. Siddons, wished that at the termination of the mad scene the play might be concluded, and she suffered to take her leave, and to be released from the anxiety she must endure until the end of the play; but the *Luddites* of the evening had paid their money, and were determined to hear and see the *whole of the show;* a confusion took place for about twenty minutes, which could only be rivalled by the O. P. row, of scandalous memory. At length, however, the curtain arose, and Mrs. Siddons came on the stage to speak an address, according to custom.

The absurdity of causing persons situated as Mrs. Siddons was, oppressed with feelings towards a grateful public, to recite a cool poetical address, can only be equalled by the hero of an opera, under all the pangs of despair and fear of detection, stopping to treat his mistress with a bravura about silence and caution; she appeared, as may be imagined, very much agitated; however, she went through this didactic effusion, written for her, though in so low a tone as to be quite inaudible in the more remote parts of the house, but amidst a universal expression of regret, as the brightest ornament of our stage.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

(WRITTEN BY HORACE TWISS, ESQ.)

Who has not felt how growing use endears
The fond remembrance of our former years?
Who has not sigh'd, when doom'd to leave at last
The hopes of youth, the habits of the past,
The thousand ties and interests that impart
A second nature to the human heart,
And, wreathing round it close, like tendrils, climb,
Blooming in age, and sanctified by time?

Yes! at this moment, crowd upon my mind
Scenes of bright days for ever left behind!

Bewildering visions of enraptured youth,
When hope and fancy wore the hues of truth;
And long-forgotten years, that almost seem
The faded traces of a morning dream!
Sweet are those mournful thoughts; for they renew
The pleasing sense of all I owe to you;
For each inspiring smile, and soothing tear—
For those full honours of my long career,
That cheer'd my earliest hope, and chas'd my latest fear!

And though for me those tears shall flow no more,
And the warm sunshine of your smile is o'er,—
Though the bright beams are fading fast away,
That shone unclouded through my summer-day,—
Yet grateful Memory shall reflect their light
O'er the dim shadows of the coming night,
And lend to later life a softer tone,
A moonlight tint, a lustre of her own.

Judges and Friends! to whom the tragic strain
Of Nature's feeling never spoke in vain,
Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by,
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,
May think on her whose lips have pour'd so long
The charmed sorrows of your Shakspeare's song,—
On her, who, parting to return no more,
Is now the mourner she but seem'd before,—
Herself subdued, resigns the melting spell,
And breathes, with swelling heart, her long, her last farewell!

On Wednesday, July 15th, Covent-Garden closed, having intruded on the profits of the Haymarket Theatre nearly two months. After the play of Hamlet, in which *Mr. Young* was prevented acting by the premature death of his father, *Mr. Charles Kemble* addressed the audience as follows:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am desired by the proprietors of this theatre to return you their sincere thanks, for the very liberal marks of your favour bestowed upon them during the season; they have endea-

voured to merit such distinguished support, by producing on their stage the most admired works of the British classics, by encouraging the efforts of modern dramatists, and to combine with solid instruction mirthful recreation, they have not refused the aid of pantomime and spectacle. To please the tastes of the various British audience has been, and ever will be, their highest ambition,

"Some of the brightest ornaments of the stage have lately retired from the theatrical world; their loss must be always regretted, and the proprietors are aware that diligent attention can only repair it. They, however, confidently hope, that you will find at Covent Garden next season, such a company of performers as will merit the continuance of your indulgent patronage; and they are prepared to meet their sister theatre with such a fair and open competition as shall contribute to your theatrical entertainment. The performers, ladies and gentlemen, beg leave to express their heart-felt gratitude for your long-experienced kindness, and they humbly take their leave till the 7th of September, the time fixed for the re-opening of this theatre."

LYCEUM THATRE.—ENGLISH OPERA.

On the second of July was produced at this theatre a burlesque, operatic tragedy, called *Highgate Tunnell, or the Secret Arch;* this piece is very far inferior to the *Tailors*, or rather the *Quadrupeds*, produced last season, of which it is evidently a copy; the same parodying of serious songs and tragedies, the same imitation of *Kemble* by *Oxberry* take place; but the story, which turns upon the opposition of the landlords of Highgate to the new tunnel, with their victory, and demolition of the arch, is very much inferior to the *Manager's last Kick;* neither do we think the *biped* horses are managed so ably as they were wont to be.

Wednesday, July 22d.—We were present at the first performance of a new comic opera, in three acts, called *Rich and Poor*, founded, say the bills, on the comedy of the East Indian, and altered by the author; we presume it was the East Indian of M. G. Lewis, Esq. acted at

Drury-Lane, April, 1799, for Mrs. Jordan's benefit, and since for the benefit of another performer. As a vehicle for Music, it is certainly respectable, and in point of construction and writing equal to any thing of late production; the music made no particular impression upon our mind, but many of the songs probably lost their effect from the cold which enervated *Miss Greglietti's* faculties; an apology was made for her by *Mr. Raymond* at the beginning of the second act, in a more gentlemanly, energetic, and effective, address than we usually hear from the stage; many of the airs were selected, and who can object to those of *Robin Grey*, or *Poor Mary Anne?* The plot turns upon the seduction and elopement of a young lady from her father by a married man; she is placed under the roof of a sort of singing *Lord and Lady Townly*; her father returns from the East Indies under an assumed name, and in the guise of poverty, to try the affections of his relations, and at the house of his nephew he discovers his repentant daughter, and this constitutes the outline of the piece; the detail is filled up by a modern *theatrical* lord, a tattling virgin, and a drunken servant, &c. &c. The moral, however, is a little *Kotzebuan;* the seducing gentleman is very sorry "for what he has done," but his wife conveniently dies, and thus he is enabled to offer the young lady his hand, and the matter ends; but why agonize the feelings of the audience by making *Miss Kelly* demand pardon of her father, on her knees, for near ten minutes, while he drags her on the floor by his coat, to which she clings: in giving effect to the part, *Miss Kelly* actually worked herself into an hysteric; we trust, on a second representation, *Fawcett* will not be quite so hard-hearted. The performers, except one or two, who were much obliged to the prompter, the natural consequence probably of a first night's representation, exerted themselves to the utmost, and our friend *Knight*, (we mean in a critical sense) gave a consequence to the little part allotted him, and made it irresistably comic; but how theoretically delicate are we grown, the audience could bear a tale of infamous sedue-

tion, but *Knight's* excellent humourous parody was hissed, because there was an allusion to the song of *There was a little Woman.* When will there be an end of exhibiting that disgusting creature, Tom Shuffleton, a lord; it is a false character, and a dangerous innovation; the galleries, who only see playhouse-lords, suppose they are all so; is it because brutes are in Smithfield that all the lower classes are incapable of humanity? *Mr. Oxberry,* whose merit is very great, does not look like a lord, except by borrowing *Wrench's* frog coat, which he wore in a late new piece; *Mr. Pine* should recollect that opera hats and buckles are not worn in a morning; and *Miss Kelly* was probably not aware that in often taking the hand of *Mrs. Bland* she was making too free with a waiting maid. We think *Mrs. Orgar* not much obliged to the manager for continually placing her in unamiable characters. The piece was given out for a next representation without a dissenting voice.

In the middle of the first act, the performance was interrupted by a man in an hysteric fit in the pit; the players and manager came forward, with their accustomed humanity, and tendered *sal volatile,* &c. all this was very well, but when they received a loud applause by the audience for so doing, it appeared as if the performance of the common duties of society was not usual among us. C.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

So numerous have been the dramatic efforts that have strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage, and then been heard of no more, that we barely think ourselves authorized in spending time and paper on the piece we are about to mention; we are now writing after the second night's representation, and imagine, from the reception it met with from the public last night, and its very small claim to merit, that it may be *defunct* ere our manuscript reaches the press.

On Thursday evening, July 23d, was presented a new comedy, in three acts, called *the Fortune Hunters*: if

there is a plot, we cannot find it out; it is simply this—two people, attempting to impose on each other, are mutually cheated; we have two strong objections to the piece, the stale idea of an amorous old maid, and a drunken servant; to the first we have the greatest, because it is most unnatural. — *Matthews* saved the piece, first, by his well-acted inebriety, and secondly, by his red coat. We would recommend both *Mr. Kent* and *Mr. Betterton* to reserve their full-dress till *after* dinner. We have no wish to see again *the Fortune Hunters*, which was severely condemned when *Mr. Eyre* gave it out for a third representation. After giving our opinion, we give that of the managers themselves:—

"The new comedy, called the Fortune Hunters, having been received last night with repeated bursts of approbation,—and the neatness of the dialogue, with the fancy of the incidents, having excited peculiar attention from a liberal and encouraging public, towards the merits of a juvenile author, the piece will be repeated every evening, till further notice.—*(Vide bill.)*

One of us must be very much mistaken!!

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR AUGUST, 1812.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. Osgood, of Lower Brook-Street.

Domestic, or Morning Dress, (by mistake in some of our numbers printed Exhibition Dress,)—is composed of a white muslin gown, without a train, made with epaulets, a military front, and canonical sleeves; an English mob cap, ornamented with a rose; scarf, and shoes of celestial blue.

Evening Dress,—of white satin, with stomacher-front, with silver lacing and tassels, white shoes, and gloves. The hair dressed in the style of the court-beauties of Charles II.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

DOMESTIC OR MORNING DRESS.

Published for the Proprietors, AUG.ST 1.

EVENING DRESS

1812. by Geo.e Cowie & Co.e 31. Poultry.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
SEP
48

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

STANZAS.

WHY hail I not, with jocund spring's return,
The sprightly joy its budding charms bestow;
And why its op'ning blossoms wonted spurn,
To ponder upon keen, unnumber'd woes?

Why do the clouds of past affliction low'r?
Why still foreboding evil's densest gloom,
With sick'ning care absorb youth's noontide hour;
And weigh its dawning spirit to the tomb?

Why not, as when the peaceful locks of youth
In glossy ringlets round my brows entwin'd?
Yet peace, that smil'd in unsuspected truth,
Glow'd but awhile to wreck the tender mind.

I hail'd, alas! the glimm'ring streaks of morn
That wafted pleasure on the whisp'ring blast,
Nor thought its wings, with rosy joy upborne,
Misfortune's clouds so soon would overcast.

Ah! senseless is the heart, to feeling cold,
That never felt affection's heav'nly fire;
If sympathy ne'er wreath'd its iron mould,
Or view'd it languid, feebly expire!

That could alike with calm indifference share
The scoff of fortune, or without repine;
View friendship treach'rous, love an emptier glare,
Oh! silly heart, 'twas never, never thine.

The softest breath adversity could blow,
'Twas thine, poor tenant of this breast, to feel;
'Twas thine with tend'rest pity to o'erflow!
Nor could indiff'rence sheath thee in its steel.

Then ask not why these throbs convulsive swell;
Why thus with mournful cadence I pursue
O'er memory's page the melancholy spell;
Or why that gloom surrounds life's distant view.

Then ask not why the noontide hour serene
To me is low'ring, and its rays o'ercast,
Or why does pallid sorrow intervene,
The eve presaging by the day that's past.

Or why no more does hope her prospects rear,
Tow'ring fond bliss, when the bright gem,
Alas! is dimm'd by grief's dull, drooping tear,
Nor buds a flow'r from its wither'd stem.

But, ah! when nature shall this heart transplant
To Eden's garden, far beyond the tomb;
Unshackled of its care, with bliss 'twill pant,
And, in eternal spring, luxuriant bloom.

J. M. B.

On hearing the Health of my Rival drank.

And is it fixt—and is it o'er at last,
Are all my hopes then vanish'd into air;
Must I be doom'd to think upon the past,
Without one gleam to soothe my present care?

Oh yes! that blush too well proclaim'd the truth,
When his lov'd name was echoed round the room;
Too late I found the too much envi'd youth
Had more deserv'd thee, and pronounc'd my doom.

Too pleas'd I listen'd to the flatt'ring tale,
And as I *wish'd* I hop'd *my thoughts* were true;
And while I gave my doubts unto the gale,
Joy's wanton breezes blew my heart to you.

Yet think not vanity e'er rul'd this breast,
Or told me that you own'd a mutual flame;
Platonic love, in airy visions drest,
Deceiv'd my soul, and pleas'd me with its name.

Should it be ask'd—throughout each rolling year
My tongue reveal'd not, never ask'd thy love,
While disengag'd, what pow'r had I to fear
Another *passion* would thy feelings move?

Suppose I had—alas! I lov'd too well,
Too true to make thee partner in my fate,
Which poverty itself combin'd to quell,
Combin'd to cause my love-struck heart to wait.

Could I, while pacing in gay folly's sphere,
Could you consent to let me gaily rove,
Leave a lov'd partner, to my soul most dear—
Forbid it honour—and forbid it love!

Farewell, my friend! may Hymen's golden charms,
Attune thy heart, and animate thy breast;
While I from thee, and far from love's alarms,
With some new phantom cheat my soul to rest.

I do not swear to waste my days in sighs,
Or never own your sex's pow'r again,
Nor say that tears shall *ever* fill my eyes,
To mourn that wish I never could attain.

Yet sad regret shall sometimes heave this frame,
This lock of hair shall moments past recall;
I'll keep it sacred, due to friendship's name,
And on its glossy hue a tear shall fall.

PETRARCH.

TO THE ROSE.

Most pleasing rose, how great thy powers,
How wond'rous sweet thy blooming hours;
How many on thy beauty gaze!
Thy charms the poets highly praise:
In splendid rooms you constant dwell;
Thy fragrant smell none can excel;
When ripen'd by the hot-house bed,
In early spring thy odours shed,
To blooming life is rear'd with care,
To grace the bosom of the fair:
Thy buds a thousand charms display,
Impearl'd with dew at break of day:
From age to age your pow'r prevail,
No worldly changes make you fail:
From highest life to humble station,
You still remain the admiration!

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Abraham Stock, Esq. has our sincere thanks for his communication; it shall appear in our Museum for September.—R. G. J. M. L. J. N. Perfect, in our next.—We shall always be glad to hear from N. T.—We beg leave to decline inserting the Absent Man.—The ode by T. Br***d is not chaste enough for our Museum.—Correspondents who send us Charades, Riddles, &c. will have the goodness to send Solutions with them.—Thoughts on Marriage; Lines from Gutter-Lane; Sonnet to Fancy; Story of Eugenia, &c. &c. are too incorrect for insertion.—The rest of our correspondents, we refer to our next.—In first page of our last number, for 1778, *read* 1768.

*** *The Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum, having in his possession Poetical productions of great merit, yet whose insertion would, by their length, preclude the rest of his correspondents' favours from appearing in the* Apollonian Wreath, *has deemed it expedient to set apart, occasionally, a few pages in the body of the Museum for those Poetical effusions whose merit may be equal to their length.*

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Painted by Foster. Engraved by Hopwood.

MISS BELLCHAMBERS

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